Marshall County Republican

PLYMOUTH, INDIANA.

EFFECTS OF THE NEW POSTAL LAW.

Disaffection at the Increase of Charges on Transient Matter—Inconsistencies of the New System—Its Strict Enforcement Delayed a Little.

The new postal law which has just gone into effect has created considerable indignation and disgust. This act was one of the last enacted by the recent Congress, and was evidently pushed through without any adequate consideration. The inconsistencies of the law are absurd in the extreme. A person living in San Francisco may mail a newspaper or pamphlet from that city to London for two cents, while four cents must be paid in order to have an eight-page paper carried from Brooklyn to New York, and six cents when it happens to be a quadruple sheet. The postal laws provide that such matter shall not be forwarded unless fully prepaid.

A wag in the postoffice in this city suggested that all newspapers intended for the United States should be marked "via Liverpool." The increased rates of postage will deter many persons from mailing matter at second-hand, and subscribers to newspapers will not be so ready to mail them to their friends at the increased rates of postage. A number of persons yesterday refused to send heavy packages by mail in consequence of the advance in the rates, and went away from the postoffice with the intention of sending them by express. The argument has been advanced that carrying quantities of merchandise at low rates is not remunerative to the government. The answer is made that the contracts made by the government do not specify that the mails shall be limited in weight, and that no additional expense is incurred by reason of the increased bulkiness of the mails sent over the post routes.

The monthly magazines which hitherto have been transmitted through the mails at four cents each will now cost eight cents. The music publishers are largely affected by the change in rates, and are greatly dissatisfied. Several publishers who, in ignorance of the new law, had mailed periodicals during the past two days at the old rates, called at the Postoffice to ascertain what had become of their property. They were gratified to learn that Postmaster James was not disposed to take hasty proceedings with them. The law, so far as it relates to newspapers and other periodical publications, has not been strictly enforced yet on account of the general ignorance in the community in regard to the new provisions. In one or two days, however, when the law shall have been made known thoroughly, the local postal officials will enforce it strictly. Merchandise packages will be forwarded, with the amount due stamped upon them, to be collected by the Postmaster when they have reached their detination.—*New York Tribune.*

A SOUTHERN STEAMER.

[Louisiana Letter to Cincinnati Commercial.]

At Brashear City I went on board a small steamer which gets up and down the River Teche. This boat, called the Minnie Avery, has an engine of about ten mosquito power. Minnie has a plump bow, a raging fire in her bosom, but the placid demeanor of a Dutch frau. Her rate of slowness is unparalleled. A boy on the bank astride of a broomstick, or a man with a wheelbarrow, could give her a quarter of an hour's start and beat her with ease. She stopped, after the manner of horse-cars, to pick up passengers and leave them, and once when the captain jumped ashore to shake hands with an old friend, it was not found necessary to check the headway of the boat. The two friends walked up the bank of the bayou, and, becoming animated in conversation, shot ahead of the boat and disappeared around the bend of the stream half a mile in advance. We picked up the captain an hour afterward. He came on board yawning fearfully. The interior arrangements of the boat were peculiar. The steward and the waiters always came through a small hole in the guards with the dinner on their heads. Even a coffee-cup in the hands of one of them, or an egg, would have rendered the ascent impracticable. The meals were of the sternest simplicity. The dishes, grier and dobe (and I am not sure about the orthography) were puzzlers, especially when a waiter asked me if I would have a dog or grayhound, as I understood it. He was not insulted when I expressed a preference for beef. The dessert consisted of a very small pudding, the specific gravity of which must have taxed the carrying capacity of the boat to the utmost.

This marvelous boat was allowed by act of Congress to carry twenty-six passengers.

The bar was not capacious enough to support a door. The barkeeper entered his domain head foremost through a small hole, exhibiting the soles of his shoes in the transit much after the manner of Harlequin in a pantomime, when that sprightly individual leaps through the face of an eight-day clock to escape the pursuit of the clown. The comparison was more obvious and ludicrous from the fact that the thirfty clowns in the boat made a desperate effort to follow the barkeeper, but stopped short at the opening and consoled themselves with an infinite variety of intoxicating fluids. The crew were marvels of blackness and one of them, who bore scattered patches of whisker like a partial eclipse, was of such depth of gloom that he cast a shadow over the forecastle, and could have utterly defied the sun.

The captain of the boat was a reckless savage who had never even heard of the Radical party. At one of the landings he sang out to his crew: "Some of you *niggers* get out that plank." The niggers got it out with most provoking slowness, and George, the blackest of our colored brothers, having taken a headline ashore, made two turns with it round a post, and bending over that obstruction to navigation, went to sleep in a state of complete exhaustion.

POWERFUL BUT MISERABLE.

The vanity of human ambition, and the homilies of the preacher about the inability of fame or riches to confer happiness, were never more strikingly confirmed than in the person of the most eminent political personage now living.

One would think that nature and fortune had conferred everything on Prince Bismarck calculated to afford him boundless content, proud retrospect, and the serenity of happy satiety. He may plume himself upon the conceded fact that, of all men living in the possession of power, he is the chief; if there be a world-mover in this generation it is he. A word from him would set a legion of a million and a half of the best soldiers on the globe in motion; in one hour he is impressing his will on foreign courts, in the next he is waging a successful fight against the still mighty spiritual forces of Rome. Czars and kaisers are even seeking to conciliate him. Wealth he has, and might have as much more as he wished, for German gratitude to him who has made Germany a nation has no bounds. He has more than won the highest rank to which subject or statesman could aspire. He is blessed with a devoted family, whom he loves, and who idolize him. In Berlin he is greater than the Emperor; in Pomerania he is a feudal despot who needs no law to enforce his authority, whose yoke is accepted by the ardor of veneration.

Yet Bismarck, according to a Berlin letter-writer, is one of the unhappiest and most discontented of men. He is harassed by the opposition of the spectacled doctors of the Reichstag; the petty details of office worry and fret him; chronic illness too often paralyzes his vast powers of body and mind. Every day's mails bring him letters threatening his life; and these tease though they do not frighten him, as a sick lion is teased by the perpetual biting of very small insects. The police tell him to be careful; he lives ever in a sulphurous atmosphere of vague danger. Even power has grown nauseous to him, and adulation has ceased to give its sweet sting of pleasure. He longs to abandon the scene of his triumphs and his troubles—to get away from all this worry; will gladly let his name pass out of men's mouths if he can but get peace; and would fain exchange those things for which men so keenly envy him, for the vine and fig-trees of remote Varzin.—*Appleton's Journal.*

AN OFT-FORGOTTEN FACT.

A workingman once said, when the woman suffrage amendment was under discussion:

"What should my wife want to vote for? She don't earn a cent."

I suppose the man had the idea that the vote represented mainly money interest. Since his wife had no property, and did not receive any money except through him, what rights had she?

"How much do you earn?" asked Miss H——.

"Twelve dollars a week."

"How many children have you?"

"Five."

"Any hired girl?"

"I should think not, with five children to support on $12 a week."

"Then your wife washes, sews, and cooks for you all?"

"Of course."

"How much do you suppose it would cost to hire all that done?"

"Oh, I don't know; a great deal more than I can earn."

"And yet you say your wife doesn't earn a cent."

"Well, I never thought of calling that earning money."

"She does just as much toward keeping the family together as you do, and has just as much interest in what affects your trade, or your children's welfare, as you have."

The man looked thoughtful, as if a new light was dawning upon him.—*Truth for the People.*

He laid down the basket of chips he had pilfered, and, looking hard at the urchin who had been making a target of him by shooting at him with a "nigger-killer," said: "Whar was you raised, chile?" "Shucargo," said the young hoodlum. "In the Norf?" "Yeth, thur." "I tort so. Suddern white folks' children wuddunt do like dat. Lemme tell you, honey, manners gwine to carry you furder den money. You hear me!"—*Dallas (Texas) Herald.*

INDIAN BARBARITIES.

The Sad Fate of the Germain Family—The Story as Told by One of the Young Ladies Just Rescued from the Savages.

[Wichita (Kansas) Cor. Chicago Tribune.]

From a correspondent of the Kansas City *Times*, who has just arrived here from the Cheyenne Agency, your correspondent has learned the following concerning the two Germain girls, recently restored from captivity with the Cheyenne tribe:

Catherine, the eldest, has suffered untold cruelties from the demons who have had her in their possession. She told the following story:

"My father's family consisted of himself, Lydia G., his wife, and seven children: Rebecca, aged 21; Stephen, 19; Johanna, 15; myself, 17; Sophia, 11; Julia, 7; and Nancy, 5. We left our old home in Morganton, Fannin county, Ga., about five years ago, and removed to Howell county, Missouri. From there we went to Kansas, and, when overtaken by the Indians, were going to Colorado for my sister Johanna's health.

"We encamped on the banks of the Smoky Hill river, in Central Kansas, about fourteen miles from the track of the Kansas Pacific railroad, and within thirty miles of Fort Wallace, on Thursday night, Sept. 10, 1874. The next morning I went down the river's bank to drive up the cattle, and, when returning, heard shots and yells. Running toward the wagon, I saw my poor father shot through the back, and my mother tomahawked by a big Indian. They were both scalped while yet living. An old squaw ran up and stuck an ax into father's head, and left it there. Rebecca seized an ax and attempted to defend herself. She was soon overpowered and knocked down insensible. While lying on the ground, covered with blood, several Indians outraged her person. They then tore her clothes off, and covered her up with bed-clothes from the wagon. These were set fire to, and my darling sister was burned to death. Stephen was killed next, his scalp being taken. Sister Johanna and myself were placed side by side, and they came up to inspect us and see which one they should kill. The choice fell on poor Johanna, and she was shot through the head.

"Tying us,—Sophia, Julia, Nancy, and myself,—they hurried us across the prairies, going south. My clothes were torn from me; I was stripped naked and painted by the old squaws; and made the wife of the chief who could catch me when fastened upon a horse which was set loose on the prairie. I don't know what Indian caught me. I was made the victim of their desires,—nearly all in the tribe,—and was beaten and whipped time and time again. They made me carry wood and water, like the squaws. I had to kill dogs, and cook them for the Indians to eat. We had nothing but dog-meat and horse-meat.

"During the time we were away from the home camp on the Staked Plains, I nearly froze. The snow was very deep, and I had nothing to keep me warm but a blanket. Both my feet were frozen, and my nails came off from my feet. Sophia was with me but little of the time; where she went, I don't know.

"I am positive that I can identify every one of the seventeen members of the party that murdered my family. Medicine-Water was with them, and I believe, was the leader. I do not care to go away from here, as I have no home. They are very kind to me at the Mission, and I feel that good Mrs. Mills is a mother to me."

HOW IS YOUR PRONUNCIATION?

The following extract is suggested for use by teachers and pupils in schools as an exercise test of pronunciation. It must be read off immediately, without pause to consider which is the proper way to pronounce the words:

1. A courier from St. Louis, an Italian with italics, began an address or recitative as to the mischievous national finances.

2. His dolorous progress was demonstrated by a demonstration, and the preface to his sacerdotal profile gave his opponents an irreparable and lamentable wound.

3. He was deaf and isolated, and the envelope on the furniture at the depot was a covert for leisure and the reticence from the first grasp of the Legislature of France.

4. The dilation of the chasm, or trough, made the servile satyr and virile optimist vehemently panegyrize the lenient God.

5. He was an aspirant after the vagaries of the exorcists, and an inexorable coadjutor of the irrefragable, yet exquisite Farrago, on the subsidence of the despicable finale and the recognition of the recognizance.

TRY.

Can't-do-it sticks in the mud; but Try soon drags the wagon out of the rut. The fox said "Try," and he got away from the hounds when they almost snapped at him. The bees said "Try," and turned flowers into honey. The squirrel said "Try," and up he went to the top of the beech tree. The snow-drop said "Try," and bloomed in the cold snows of winter. The sun said "Try," and the spring soon threw Jack Frost out of the saddle. The young lark said "Try," and he found that his new wings took him over hedges and ditches, and up where his father was singing. The ox said "Try," and plowed the field from end to end. No hill too steep for Try to climb, no clay too stiff for Try to plow, no field to wet for Try to drain, no hole too big for Try to mend.—*Selected.*

NEW YORK FASHIONS.

SPRING SUITS.

Imported costumes for spring are made up partly of silk and partly of wool goods of light quality, either plain, plaid or striped. The silk forms the lower skirt and sleeves; the basque and over-skirt or apron are of wool. The two fabrics in a suit are usually of kindred shades of one color, though quiet contrasts, such as gray with brown or violet, will be much worn.

The fashion of making French suits is similar to that in vogue at present. The basque and apron will prevail, yet the round over-skirt and the polonaise will not be wholly abandoned. The close cuirass, smoothly fitted and plainly trimmed, remains the popular basque, yet some new basques have elaborate trimmings in the way of horizontal folds put on in vest shape in front, and graduated to a point behind. The neck is cut very high, and fully trimmed; shoulder seams are very short; sleeves are close coat shape, and are often of different material from that of the basque; concave cuffs and clusters of folds, or else shirred bands, trim the wrists; a belt of some kind is added to most basques.

New aprons are longer and more clinging than those worn at present. They extend within an inch or two of the bottom of the front breadth of the dress skirt.

LINEN SUITS.

The gray undressed linen suits found so pleasant for many summers past are being made up in large quantities at the furnishing houses. They are made with a view to service, and are without flounces or any elaborate ornament. The skirt has a facing headed by a single bias band, three or four inches wide, stitched on with piping or without. The deep apron has two straight wide sash ends behind, edged with a narrower bias band. These straight sashes are each sewed to the belt in a double box-pleat, and caught up lower down by tapes to form a drooping loop. A white side-pleated blouse or chemise Russe completes the house dress, while for the street is a linen sacque of most stylish shape, cut with an English back that is much shorter than the long single-breasted front. Such suits are serviceable, inexpensive and easily laundried.

NOVELTIES IN MILLINERY.

Some gilt and silver is being introduced for bonnet trimmings in the way of gold and black galloons for bindings, and filigree silver buckles, also gold leaves with flowers of natural hue. One of the most tasteful round hats is of white chip with brigand crown and straight brim. A scarf of soft twilled white silk is wound around the crown and fastened by a silver filigree buckle, which also holds a fan pleat of black velvet on the left of the front. White lilies-of-the-valley are clustered on the left side of the crown. The brim is faced with black velvet.

A distinguished-looking bonnet for a brunette is of white chip with cardinal gros grain facings inside. Around the crown is cardinal silk with darker reddish-brown, and carnations of these two shades. A French hat with halo brim has this brim faced with galloon of gilt and black velvet. Scarfs of white and black twilled silk are around the crown, and the flowers are soft pink roses without foliage.

GLOVES.

Spring importations of kid gloves display innumerable shades of gray and brown to match new costumes. There are the clear French grays, steel, blue-gray, and the entire range from cool light hues to the darkest serviceable shades. In brown are all the nut shades, and many bordering on green. Instead of the mongrel hues of two years ago we have a revival of putty colors, fawn, drab, snuff brown, ashes-of-roses, and other old-fashioned soft tints. Lilac shades have been banished too long, and appear now with pink and blue tinges. Oak brown shades that were once so popular are again imported for wearing with black toilettes.—*Harper's Bazar.*

BUSINESS ITEMS.

Sound business—The drummer's.

Paying business—The cashier's.

Fine business—The Police Court Judge's.

Poor business—Keeping an almshouse.

A pretty piece of business—Drawing salaries.

Wicked business—Making candles.

A smashing business—Running railroads.

A heavy business—Importing elephants.

A light business—Making gas.

A dry goods business—Selling salt codfish.

A shipping business—Discharging help.

Mean business—All ought to.

Known of his business—The coa heaver.

None of your business—Who wrote this.

A Florida railroad has declared an annual dividend of 19 cents, which shows that honesty is the best policy.

LAW OF THE ROAD.

Not all people who have occasion to use the highway understand what are their rights and duties thereon, and a good many willfully, and some knowingly, violate the law which prevails, and thus impose upon their fellow-travelers. Good mannered people will, of course, instinctively do pretty nearly the right thing, but, unfortunately, all who travel are not high-minded and polite. Every one, it is safe to say, has at one time or another encountered in front the dog-in-the-manger driver who will neither go on himself nor let you do so, or has met that other rough egotist who puts forth in another style his extravagant claims to the full ownership of the path, in fee-simple, and who makes you do the whole business of turning out—sometimes down the embanked roadway, and sometimes into the ditch adjacent—or take the peril of having your lighter vehicle crushed, or at least unpleasantly abraded and jostled. We may know our right in the premises, and yet we have no time or taste for asserting it, and so we, all of us, first or last, bear a good deal of rude, capricious insolence and browbeating. Sometimes we meet two heedless, if not willful fellows, who have met, occupying the entire path, and cross-legged conversing with as much sang froid as if they were seated in their own private doorway, and each passer-by were somehow the author of an impertinent personal intrusion. They feel as if their comfort, at all events, should not be rudely disturbed, and it isn't—for they sit and talk it out, and won't budge an inch for you to get by, much as they dislike your untimely appearance.

Although the rule is imperious that every team meeting another must give half the road, common courtesy as well as common sense will suggest to the polite traveler who is light-geared and empty, to give a loaded team a little extra privilege. Still, if this is not extended by favor, it is not a right which any disparity of circumstance confers. Your right to half the road is just exactly the same, when you wish to pass a team which is going your way. And it may be said, in general terms, as we understand the matter, that the foot-passenger has the same right to the road that he would have if he traveled by some conveyance. The fact that he has no horse before him or under him does not in any manner limit his rights. This is a point not as well understood as it should be, and foot-passengers very often in consequence—especially where there is much heartless and sportive driving—are left to shirk for themselves, and must dodge, first this way and then the other, to save neck and legs. They are treated as if they have no rights which horsemen and vehicles are obliged to respect.—*New York Tribune.*

LIVINGSTONE'S RESEARCHES.

It would be impossible to overestimate the importance of Dr. Livingstone's researches and discoveries. By his own exertions, beset with perils and obstacles which would have driven back a man less courageous and determined, he has filled up a great space in the map of Africa; he was the first European whose eyes beheld the vast inland seas whose existence had been vaguely conjectured from native reports; he laid down the course of hundreds of new rivers, and noted their volume and the velocity of their flow.

Most important among the facts recorded in his journals is the discovery that Lake Nyassa belongs to a totally distinct system of waters from that which holds Lake Tanganyika and the rivers running north and west. With regard to the latter lake he leaves an interesting problem to be solved by future explorers. It may be taken for granted that he would hardly venture the surmise that Tanganyika may have a subterranean outlet without having duly weighed the probabilities in the scale with his elaborate observations. But whether this lake really pours its waters through the caverns of Western Kabogo into the vast rivers flowing northward is a problem which must soon be determined by actual exploration.

Besides geographical information of importance, these journals contain innumerable notes on the habits of animals, birds and fishes; on phenomena of every kind that came under the keen, searching eye af the great traveler as he moved through some of the grandest and most beautiful scenes in the world; descriptions of native life and habits; and sketches of personal adventure, told with the natural modesty of a great man, whose thoughts were more on his work than on himself.—*Harper's Magazine.*

A NOVELTY IN WOMEN'S DRESS.

Says the *Metropolitan*: "Since extravagance in stockings has come back to us again, and silk hosiery is almost a criterion of the woman of fashion, of course something must be worn to preserve these silken luxuries from wear and soil when walking in a dusty and dingy city. Wool that is knitted may be warm, but it is not a hindrance to the entrance of dust. It rather holds than ejects the soiling, while fine broadcloth or velvet that is both linen and rubber lined is a certain protection against water and mud. Leggings of these materials are made to reach up and curve upon the knee, and are fitted about the foot like a gentleman's gaiter, with a strap under the foot. They button up on the outside of the leg, and are carefully fitted to the wearer by front and back seams. They are sometimes bound on the lower edge with a dark fur, which gives the foot a chubby and youthful appearance. For spring wear they are quite as requisite as for the winter. With a short quilted silk or satin petticoat and an Ulster coat of rough cloth, they look very coquettish on a cold or stormy day. Any lady can make them for herself. They should be fitted like any garment, and after being bound with braid the jet buttons and button-holes may be added. They should be adjusted so perfectly that a button-hook would be required to fasten them over the boot and about the ankle."

THE CHIGNON.

The reign of the chignon is over; its glory has departed; its name is Ichabod. No more do the fields of the far Indies send their long fibres, which Hindoo women sit in the sun and spin, to counterfeit the crowning charm of woman. The anathema has gone out against the bravery of the cauls and the round tires like the moon, against the head-bands and wimples and crisping-pins. It has been pronounced anew that instead of well-set hair there shall be baldness, and "burning instead of beauty."

A little while ago and the chignon was all in all, and now there are none so poor to do it honor. Every rank and every station then, except the fourth estate, acknowledged its power. That fourth estate was always tainted with disloyalty, and it never was quite the thing to issue a daily paper without a fling at the top-lofty ruler of the hour. But the flings had no more effect than the bull against the comet.

"Now Jove suspends his golden scales in air,
Weighs the men's wit against the lady's hair;"

and of course the wit was the lightest, and the chignon kept its triumphal way with a sway that was all but universal. Empresses proudly bent to it and abased their tiaras beneath it, and Biddy fed her pigs under its shelter. No place was too remote for it. Like another ruler, its morning drum-beat sounded round the world. It was the delight of Kings' palaces, and the farthest hut in the farthest wilds rejoiced in it. But at last Fashion has turned down her thumb; her fiat has been hurled against it, and the mighty one has fallen. The fine lady scorns it; even Biddy will have none of it. And whether the earth—that, as some one has said of it in relation to hoop-skirts, rejects it, and refuses to swallow it, and casts it up on ash heaps and along the debris of railroad lines—has swallowed the chignon, or whether it has turned again and sought its native lair in the recesses of the old tombs that were robbed to make it, and behind the prison doors that contributed to it the shorn convict locks, or whether, like that tress famous in verse, it has been translated into the sky—

"A sudden star it shot through liquid air,
And drew behind a radiant trail of hair;
Not Berenice's locks first rose so bright,
The heavens bespangling with disheveled light"—

there are none to say.

We only know that it has gone, and apparently gone for good, and that it certainly could not go for ill; and that while it staid, after the manner of all tyrants, it wrought such havoc that now, if she draws us at all, "Beauty draws us by a single hair," for it is about all that the chignon, with its dragging weight and irritating heat, has left her.—*Harpers' Bazar.*

SIZE IN THE EYE.

Size with the eye, as with the brain, is generally conceded to be a measure of capacity. A large eye has a wider range of vision, as it unquestionably has of expression, than a small one. A large eye will take in more at a glance, though perhaps with less attention to detail, than a small one. Generally speaking, large eyes see things in general, and small eyes things in particular. The one sees many things as a whole, considering them in a philosophical or speculative way, often seeing through and beyond them; the other sees fewer things, but usually looks keenly into them, and is appreciative of detail. Some eyes, however, look at everything and yet see nothing.

Fullness of the eye, causing a bulging of the lower eyelid, is the well-known sign of language. Persons with this sign large have not only a speaking eye, but also a speaking tongue; whereof their fellows do not long remain in ignorance. A general project or fullness of the eye above and below, which brings the eyeball forward on a line with the face and eyebrow, denotes the quality of physical perception, or the capacity to see quickly whatever appears upon the surface of things. A person with such an eye, on entering a room for the first time, would note rapidly the shape, size, arrangement and general appearance of the different articles of furniture in it, the color of the walls, curtains, etc.; take in with equal facility, the features, the color of eyes and hair, size and appearance of any person who might be present. In looking at a picture such a person would at once incline to examine the details of color, number, grouping, attitude and costume of the figures composing it.—*Annual of Phrenology and Physiognomy.*

Fifteen years ago there were scarcely ten millionaires in America.